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Sandman .
Stories for Bedtime
By Abbie Phillips Walker

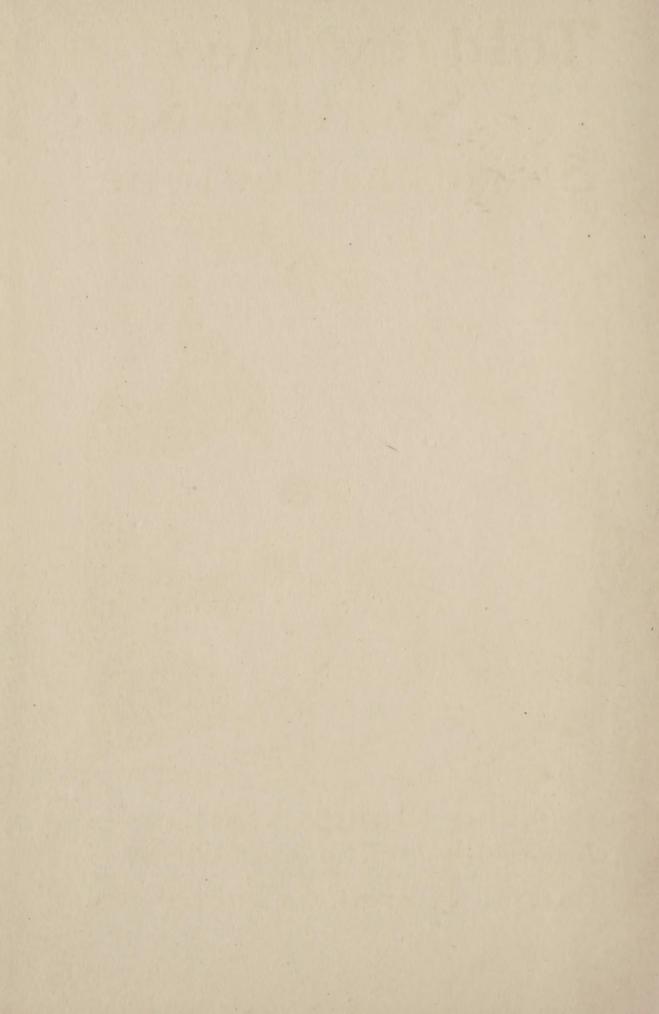


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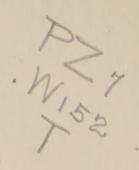
# Told by the · · · Sandman Stories for Bedtime



By Abbie Phillips Walker...

Illustrated by Rhoda C. Chase...

Harper & Brothers, Publishers



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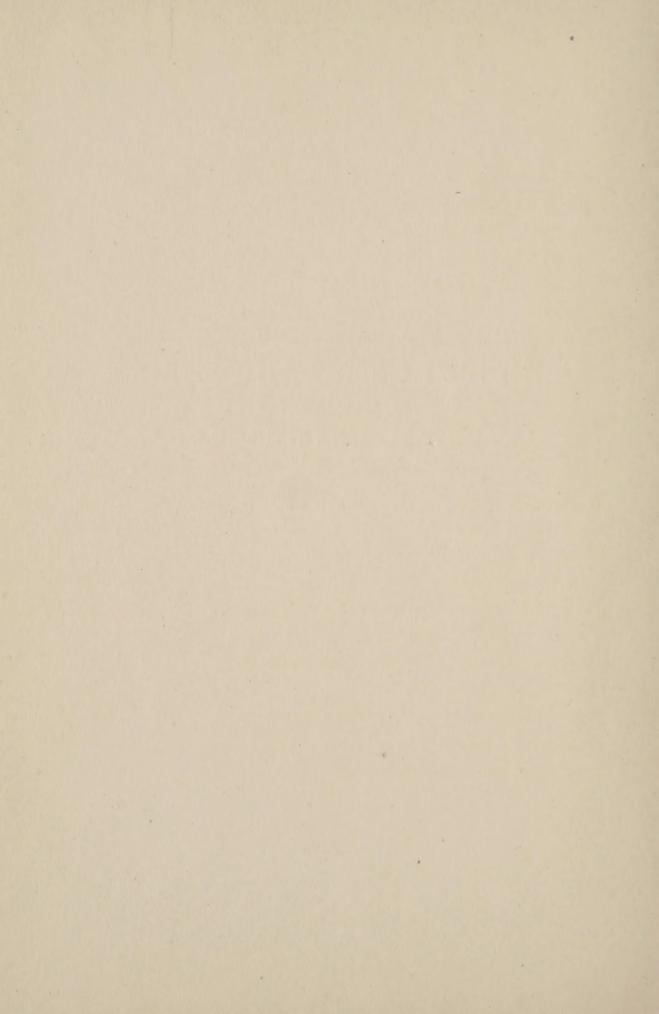
TOLD BY THE SANDMAN

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER FRANCES CONGDON PHILLIPS
I LOVINGLY DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK

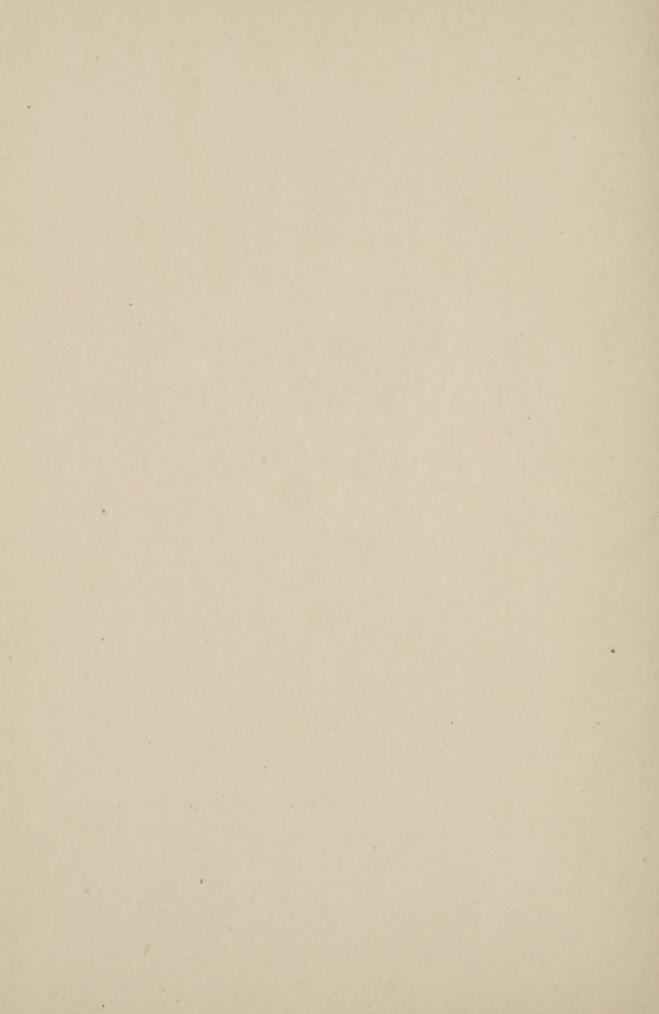


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## TOLD BY THE SANDMAN





#### HOW THE PUSSY-WILLOW GREW

ONE night the fairy Queen had all her fairies gathered around her. She was telling them how thankful they should be that they were happy and that they had such a beautiful world to live in.

"And this is the reason for your happiness," she explained. "You do good and bring happiness to others and are always busy. If you did not work and had nothing to do but look around for amusement you would soon become restless and dissatisfied and long for things that others have. But, of course, fairies never long for things that mortals have, so all this talk is quite needless."

When the Queen finished speaking she saw one little fairy looked very grave and did not smile and dance about with the others.

This fairy was called Dewdrop, because it was her duty every morning just before sunrise to gather drops from the river and put them on all the flowers, and she was usually the gayest of the fairies, so the Queen called to her and asked:

"What makes you so sad, my Dewdrop? Is there not plenty of water in the river-beds for your beautiful flowers?"

"Oh yes, my Queen," answered Dewdrop. "There are plenty of drops for my flowers, but I am unhappy because of something I want and I know I cannot have."

"Tell me about it," said the wise Queen. "Perhaps I can help you," and she drew Dewdrop close to her side and listened to her story.

"One morning when the south wind and gray cloud brought rain to my beautiful flowers," Dewdrop began, "I did not have any work to do, so I sat under a big leaf and watched the rain falling. I was in a garden, and a house stood near. By and by a little girl came out and called, 'Kitty, kitty,' and the dearest little kitten came running up the path, meowing and swinging its tail. The little girl rolled a spool across the porch and the kitten chased it. Then it jumped through her clasped hands, and chased its tail, and then it ran up the little girl's dress to her shoulder and sat there, with its head nestled in her neck."

"But why should this make you so sad, my Dew-drop?" asked the Queen.

"Tell her, Dewdrop," said one of the other fairies,

for all of them had gathered around while Dewdrop was talking.

"Yes, tell the Queen," said another.

"You see, dear Queen, we all want a kitten to play with," said Dewdrop, "and every time one of us sees a little girl with a kitten we are unhappy."

The Queen looked very grave, for never before had her fairies wanted anything a mortal possessed, but she did not scold.

After waiting a few minutes the Queen spoke: "I will not promise you anything," she said, "but meet me to-morrow night down by the river when the clock strikes the last stroke of twelve, and if the moon is shining, I may have something for you."

"Oh, you dear, good Queen!" cried all the fairies at once. "It will be something nice, we know."

"Perhaps," answered the Queen, smiling. "Now scamper away, every one of you, and do your work with smiling faces."

The next night the moon was shining, and the Queen could be seen—that is, if one had fairy eyes—flitting along the banks of the river, back and forth, back and forth, flying in there and out here, and as busy as two little fairies could have been on their busiest night.

"There!" she exclaimed, after a while, "I think there will be enough for each to have one." Then she stepped into her chariot and waited.

The last tone of the last stroke of the midnight hour was dying away when the fairies appeared by the river and looked about for their Queen.

"There she is," said one, catching sight of the shining chariot under a bush.

"What is it you have for us?" they all asked, running to the Queen.

The Queen led them nearer the bank of the river and showed them slender brown bushes with tiny gray tufts, soft and slick-looking.

"But what are they?" asked the fairies.

"Stroke them and see," said the Queen.

Each little fairy touched a soft, gray tuft with her tiny finger. "Me-ow, me-ow," came softly from each tiny gray tuft, and then the gray tuft stretched out and a tiny head appeared, and a tail and four little paws could be seen.

"Oh! Oh! The darlings!" cried all the fairies. "They are our kittens, our dear little pussy-cats we had wished for so long."

Each little gray pussy sat up and looked at her mistress, and then one fairy rolled a grain of sand (of course they looked very large to a fairy kitten), and all the little gray pussies scampered down from the bushes and did all the tricks for the fairies that mortal kittens do for their little mistresses.

When the first streak of light showed in the sky all the gray pussies scrambled back to the bushes, curled up, and went to sleep, and there they sleep every night until the last tone of the last stroke of the midnight hour dies away, and then if you can see with fairy eyes you will see each little gray mite stretch out and sit up and me-ow for her little fairy mistress to come and play with her.

We call them pussy-willow bushes, but the fairies call them their little gray kittens.

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#### THE ENCHANTED TREE

ONCE upon a time there lived a King who had a tree which bore beautiful green apples. They were very large, but they were also so hard that they could not be eaten.

"If those apples were fit to be eaten," a friend told the King one day, "you would have the most valuable apple-tree in the world."

This made the King more anxious than before to have the tree bear fruit that could be eaten, so he sent word by his servants all over the country that he would give to the man who would make the tree bear good fruit his daughter's hand in marriage, but the fruit must be as large and as green as it was then.

Men came from far and near—old men, young men, short men, tall men—but they could not make the tree bring forth fruit that could be eaten.

The fruit grew softer, but when one tried to eat it he found it so bitter that he could not swallow it.

At the edge of the forest near the King's castle lived a poor old woman and her daughter. The daughter's name was Hester, and she had a wonderful garden, which she cared for and sold the vegetables at the markets in the city. This was all that supported Hester and her old mother.

By the side of the little cottage where they lived grew a beautiful apple-tree. The fruit was large and very juicy, and the color of the apples was red.

An old witch had touched the tree with her cane one day, because Hester had helped her with her bundle of fagots, and as she touched it she said:

"Bear the best and the largest of your kind."

When Hester heard that the King had offered his daughter as a reward to the one who made his appletree to bring good fruit, she said to her mother, with a laugh:

"If only the King's daughter were a son and his tree a red-apple tree, I might win the prize."

"You could not make your apples to grow on his tree."

"No," answered Hester, "but I could tie my apples on his tree. He did not say how many seasons they must grow. Then I could marry the prince and you and I could live in plenty."

After all the men had tried and could not make the

apples good, Hester was thinking about it one night, and also wondering what would become of her mother and herself that winter, when a thought came to her.

"I will go to the old witch," she said, and when her mother was fast asleep she put on a suit of peasant's clothes which had belonged to her father, and went into the woods to the hut where the witch lived.

"Mother witch," she said, "you made the tree beside Hester's cottage to grow juicy fruit, the best in the land. Teach me, I beg of you, the way to make the tree in the King's garden bring forth fruit, that I may wed the King's daughter and live in comfort."

"You look like a good boy," said the witch, "and I will help you. Take this powder and when the clock strikes the hour of midnight sprinkle it around the trunk of the green-apple tree."

Hester thanked her and hurried away, but she did not know that the old witch knew her; but she did, and wondered what she would do when the King discovered that she was a girl and could not wed his daughter.

Hester hurried to the castle, and when the clock struck twelve she did as the witch told her. The next morning she went to the King and said:

"Your Majesty, if you will taste the apples growing on your tree I am sure you will find them the best in the world."

The King called his servants and went to the tree. There he found the apples even larger than before, and when they picked them and gave them to the King, he tasted and found them good.

"You shall wed my daughter," said the King. "Come with me." And he led Hester into the castle. When the Princess saw Hester she fell in love with the handsome youth, for Hester looked like a beautiful boy in her disguise.

"Prepare for the wedding," said the King, "and invite all the people around the country to attend."

Hester was dressed in a suit of green velvet trimmed with gold lace, and she looked handsomer than before. She took good care that her long, black curls were tucked well under her cap, and she asked to be allowed to wear her hat at all times, because it was a strange fancy of hers, or his, that good luck would leave her if she uncovered her head.

All went well until the day of the wedding, when the Princess said: "Your luck will change now, my dear Prince. Do remove your hat, and let me be the one to remove it."

As she spoke she lifted the hat and stepped back, and down fell the black curls. The Princess dropped the hat and screamed, and that brought the King and all the household. There stood poor Hester, her face covered with blushes.

"I was so poor," she said, "and the winter was coming. I thought only of my poor old mother and that she would be kept from starving. I am sorry if I have done any harm."

The Princess ran to her and put her arms around her. "You have not harmed any one," she said, "and instead of a wedding there will be a feast in honor of my new sister, for I cannot live without you. I have grown to love you so much."

The King granted every wish his daughter had ever made, and he did not oppose this, so Hester and the Princess drove in a handsome coach drawn by two white horses to Hester's home and brought her mother back to the castle, where they all lived in peace and plenty the rest of their lives.



#### INGENIOUS MR. MOUSE

"WHAT do you think has happened?" asked Mr. Mouse, running into his hole, where Mrs. Mouse sat rocking to sleep the five little mice.

"I cannot think," she said. "Do tell me."

"The family have moved out," said Mr. Mouse, "and there isn't a thing left in the house to eat but some pieces of cheese."

"Pieces of cheese!" said Mrs. Mouse. "Well, I should think that was good enough for any one."

"So it is," said Mr. Mouse, "but where do you think they left them?"

"I never could guess," said Mrs. Mouse.

"On a trap—one of the break-your-back kind."

"Squeak! Squeak!" said Mrs. Mouse. "What will we do? The children are so small I just hate to move, but I suppose we must, or starve."

"I have an idea," said Mr. Mouse, "and I think

you can help me. There are several traps and each one has on it the nicest piece of cheese you ever saw. I was very much tempted to try for a piece."

"Squeak! Squeak!" said Mrs. Mouse, in alarm. "You wouldn't risk your life that way, my dear. Think of me and these five small children," and she looked into the cradle as she spoke. "Aren't they just dear?" she asked, with motherly pride. "But what about that cheese?" she asked, after a minute.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Mouse, "it really is too bad to lose so much nice cheese, and besides that, as you say, the children are so small it will be quite an undertaking to get them safely to another place. If we could get all of that cheese it would last us a long time, and by the time we have eaten it perhaps some one will move into the house."

"I hope the cook will be as careless as the last," said Mrs. Mouse. "Didn't we have good things to eat?"

"When the children are asleep you come with me," said Mr. Mouse.

"I think they are asleep now," replied his wife, and both of them ran out of the hole. They ran through all the rooms. They were quite deserted.

"They have gone only for the winter," said Mrs. Mouse. "The furniture is still here."

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Mouse. "I do believe we can live on this cheese until they return."

"But how will we get it without being caught in the trap?" asked Mrs. Mouse, keeping at a safe distance from the awful-looking boards.

"You wait and see," said Mr. Mouse.

In a few minutes he returned with a piece of string. "There are seven traps," he said, gnawing at the twine with his sharp teeth. When he had seven pieces he gave an end of one piece to Mrs. Mouse and told her to take it in her mouth. "Now I will take the other end in my mouth," he said, "and we will walk on either side of the trap, drawing the string over the cheese, which will spring the trap, and then we will get the cheese without any trouble."

"You are certainly the smartest mouse that ever lived," said Mrs. Mouse, looking at Mr. Mouse very lovingly, and off they scampered.

Snap! went the first trap; Mrs. Mouse jumped, but no one was hurt, and there was the piece of cheese to be had for the taking.

When all the traps were sprung Mrs. Mouse said: "We have not been in the cellar." They ran down the stairs and there were two more traps.

"I'll get some more string," said Mr. Mouse, and in a few minutes there were two more pieces of cheese added to their store.

Mrs. Mouse took one piece in her mouth and Mr. Mouse the other, and carried them up-stairs, for they lived between the first and second floors and had an entrance on both. "No doubt when this is gone,"

said Mrs. Mouse, as they took the last piece into their hole, "we can find some old kid gloves or shoes that will keep us in food until the family get home, and won't they be surprised to find us here, well and happy?"

"I think they will," said Mr. Mouse, "but they will be more surprised when they find only string in the traps and the cheese gone."



#### THE GRUMPIES

NETTIE was a little girl, but she was old enough to help her mother with the dishes, and dust, and do many things that would help her when she was tired, or help her so she would not get tired; but Nettie was a shirk, and did not help if she could manage to escape.

One day her father said, "Nettie, you are to help your mother to-day; she has a great deal to do, so you must take the baby in his carriage and care for him this morning, and this afternoon you can play."

"Oh dear, it is Saturday, and I want to play," grumbled Nettie, scowling and fussing, as naughty girls do sometimes.

"I am afraid you will be caught by the Grumpies, some day," said her father. "You shirk and leave so much for your mother to do. You leave your books on the floor, your hat on a chair, and your mother

has to pick them up. I want you to be a helper to your mother, and not a grumpy little girl."

But Nettie did not feel like helping that day. She had a book she wanted to read, so she did a very wicked thing.

Right after breakfast, as soon as her father was out of the house, she began to complain that her head ached and she was sick, so sick she could not sit up.

So Nettie went to her room and got into her bed. When she was sure her mother was busy and would not come in her room, she took her book from under her pillow and began to read. She read a long time. Nettie was never sure how long, or when it happened, but all at once she felt a tug at her book, and a voice said:

"Hello, Nettie! So you are a Grumpie, like us, are you? Well, we have come to take you with us."

Nettie looked, and all around her were the queerest-looking little creatures, with long, pointed heads, and right on the very top they had a few spears of hair, which dropped over their eyes.

Before Nettie could say a word she was carried off by these little creatures, who seemed only to have to say a thing, and it was done.

Nettie found herself, in a short time, in a most untidy room with these strange creatures running all about.

One little Grumpie, who seemed to be the spokes-

man, said to Nettie: "When a new member joins the Grumpies she has to do certain things before she can really belong, as none of us ever work when we have a new member. She has to work for a while, for that is what we are for—to make work, and never do any ourselves."

"But I do not want to belong to the Grumpies," said Nettie.

"Oh yes, you do!" replied the spokesman. "You joined this morning when you left the work for your mother and went to bed. You are one of us now."

"But I won't be one of you," said Nettie. "I wouldn't look like you for anything. What makes your bodies so small?"

"Oh, we do nothing to make them grow, and we have no hearts at all; only naughty thoughts, and they can be put in a very small space and still be very bad."

"Now, comrades, let the fun begin," called the spokesman to the other Grumpies.

Nettie did not see where they came from, but these Grumpies suddenly had books in their hands, and hats, and coats, and smudgy fingers, and scissors, with which they cut paper into little pieces and scattered all about the floor; the hats they threw on the floor, too, and the coats on chairs; with the smudgy fingers they touched the white paint, and the books joined the hats and bits of paper.

Their dresses were of little checked ginghams, and these they soon had soiled.

"Now, Nettie, you must pick up the things, and make the room tidy, and wash our dresses, and iron them, and scrub our hands," said the spokesman.

"I think you are a very untidy lot of creatures, and a very thoughtless crowd as well. You make a lot of work for me to do, and do nothing yourselves. I am not going to do a thing," said Nettie.

"Spoken like a true Grumpie," said the spokesman. "But you will have to do this work this time, and after you have done it you are a Grumpie in reality, and will never have to work again."

"But I told you I did not want to look like you. You are a bad, shirking, troublesome lot, and I do not want anything to do with you."

"Make her," said the spokesman, and all the Grumpies rushed at Nettie like a whirlwind.

"Bang!" something sounded, and Nettie jumped. Her book was on the floor by her bed. She had fallen asleep and dropped it.

"I have been a selfish girl and a Grumpie, even if I do not look like them," said Nettie, getting out of bed. "I'll go right out and get the baby and his bottle, and put him to bed, and I'll show those old Grumpies I do not want to join them after this."



#### THE MISER AND THE FAIRY

ONCE upon a time there lived a man who was very fond of gold. He sold everything he had for gold, so that he and his little daughter had to live in a hut in the woods. He kept his gold in a hole in the floor, and every night he would take it out and count it. At last he became such a miser that he almost starved himself, but he loved his little daughter very dearly and would buy food for her.

One night when he was counting his gold and wishing he had more, a little fairy came out of the fireplace and stood beside him.

"So you want more gold?" she said.

"Yes, yes," the old miser replied. "Can you tell me how to get it?"

"Are you sure you would be happy with all the gold you wanted?"

"What would there be to wish for," the miser replied, "if I had all the gold I wanted?"

"Oh, many things," said the fairy. "There are many things that gold cannot buy; you cannot buy happiness with it."

"But I would be happy if I had all the gold I wanted."

"Very well," replied the fairy. "I will give you a chance to try it. How would you like to have the golden touch, so that everything you touched turned to gold?"

The old miser laughed with delight. "Oh!" he said, "good fairy, give me the power to make everything I touch turn to gold, and I will never wish for anything again."

"You shall have your wish," said the fairy. "To-morrow morning at sunrise your power will begin."

The old miser could not sleep, so eager was he to test the power, and when the sun rose the first thing he touched was the table; then he touched his little daughter's bowl and spoon, and they became bright gold. He thought this would please her, but when she saw it she cried, because she liked to look at the pictures on the bowl.

Then he changed everything in the house to gold, the bed and coverings, which made them so heavy they could not be used. He went to the door, and saw a rose-bush of which his daughter was very fond, and he touched that, thinking she would be pleased with the golden rose.

Then he went to his breakfast, but when he put the food to his mouth it turned to gold and he could not swallow it. This frightened him, and just then his little daughter came to him, crying because her pretty rose-bush had lost its sweetness, and he put his arm around her, to comfort her, and she turned to gold, with tears on her cheeks, just as they had fallen, but all gold.

When the old miser saw what he had done he cried out, in agony: "My little girl, come back to me; you are better than all the gold." But she stood before him, a golden image, with the little gold tears on her cheeks.

The poor miser now saw that gold did not bring him happiness. He had lost his little girl, and, as all the food turned to gold, he would soon starve.

That night he sat weeping before the golden image of his daughter, when the fairy appeared again. "I suppose you are quite happy," she said.

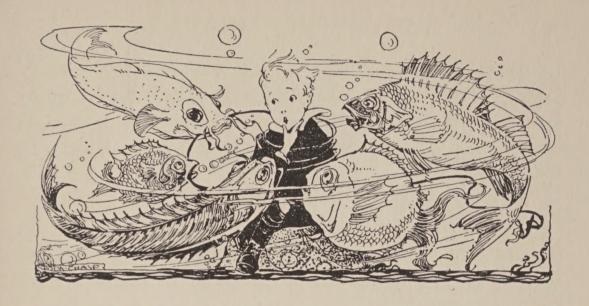
"Give back my daughter," sobbed the old man. "I cannot be happy without her."

"But you have all the gold you want," said the fairy; "you said you would be happy if you had that."

"No! no!" he cried. "Take the gold and give my daughter back to me. I can never be happy without her."

"Well," said the fairy, "if you are convinced that gold cannot buy happiness, I will take away your golden touch, but you must promise to spend generously the money you have saved, and lead a better life."

The miser promised, and the fairy touched the golden image and it became a little girl again. Her father clasped her in his arms and told her she was worth more to him than all the gold in the world, and they moved into a nice house; he bought for her all the pretty things a little girl could want, and they lived happily ever after, for he spent his wealth in making other people happy.



#### EDWARD'S VISIT TO THE FISH

EDWARD was very fond of fishing, and one day while he was walking by the river he saw a large number of fish swimming about. He ran home for his fishing-pole and then sat on the bank waiting for the fish to bite. But the fish were not to be caught that day, and it was a long time before Edward felt a tug at his line. Then he sat up very straight, for the line pulled so hard it drew him toward the river.

"I wonder what I have caught?" said Edward, pulling with all his strength, but the line pulled him into the river, and under he went.

The next thing that he knew he was at the bottom of the ocean, and on the end of his line were a row of fish pulling at it, but not on the hook. They had taken the line in their mouths and brought him to the bottom of the ocean.

"Ha! Ha!" they laughed. "We caught you this time, didn't we?" And they ran toward him and pricked him with their fins.

Edward pushed them away and asked why they drew him under the water.

"We wanted to see how you looked," they told him, "and then we thought you should know how it felt to be taken from your home on land and brought to our watery home."

"I cannot see what good it will do you to have me here," said Edward. "You cannot eat me, and that is the reason we fish—you are good to eat."

"Oh, can't we eat you?" said one fish, who was larger than the rest. "We have fish large enough to swallow you with one mouthful."

Edward began to wonder if that were true, when he saw a large swordfish join the others, and then a shark came along, and in a few minutes there were dozens of fish, large and small, around him in a circle.

"What shall we do with this boy?" asked a bluefish. "He would catch us with a hook, and then eat us, if he could."

"Make him tell a story," said a mackerel. "If he tells a good one we will let him go home, and if it is not interesting to us, we'll keep him here."

"You sit on that rock," said the swordfish, pointing to a large rock with his sword. And then they gathered around Edward, who was trying very hard to think of a story that fish would like, but all he could tell them was the story of

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

"Oh! that will not do," said a codfish who had a very big mouth. "You cannot make us believe a cow would jump over the moon." But a dogfish, who seemed quite impressed, swam close to Edward and said:

"Tell me about the dog who laughed. He must be some of our family. Does he resemble me?"

Edward laughed and told the dogfish that the dog in the story had four legs and did not resemble him in the least.

Just then there was a terrible commotion and the water became so muddy that Edward could not see.

"Oh dear!" said the shark. "Here comes the whale. He is so large that he upsets everybody."

The whale put Edward in mind of a story, and when the water was clear again he began:

"Once upon a time, ages and ages ago, there was a man named Jonah, and a whale swallowed him."

"Oh, oh, my poor great-great-grandfather!" said the whale, crying big tears, and Edward stopped.

"What is the matter? Don't you like it?" he asked.

"That Jonah," said the whale, shaking away his tears, "is to blame for indigestion in our family. You see, it was my great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather who swallowed that Jonah, and he caused him to have indigestion so badly that all of our family inherited it."

"I beg your pardon, I am sure," said Edward. "I am very sorry that I mentioned it. It is rather hard to tell stories to fish, as I do not know any fish stories. Did you ever hear of the ark?"

As none of the fish had heard of it, Edward told how it rained forty days and as many nights, and how all the animals went with Noah.

"Of course," he told them, "there were not any fish in the ark, as they could swim and did not need Noah's protection."

"I have heard my great-grandmother tell about that," said a flying-fish. "She said that her greatgreat-grandmother told her that her great-great—"

Just then the other fish splashed the water with their tails and stopped the flying-fish from talking.

"Never mind about so many greats," said the codfish. "What did your great-grandmother tell you?"

"She said," continued the flying-fish, "that one of my ancestors found himself in a tree when the waters of the flood receded, and he spread out his fins and flew down to the ocean, and that he was the first flying-fish." "Oh, well," said a shark, "your family is not so old; some of us date back before the flood."

"I do wish you would stop quarreling," said Edward, "and tell me if I may go home. I should like my dinner."

"Ding, dong! Ding, dong!" sounded just then, and away went the fish.

"Where are you going?" called Edward.

"That is the bell-buoy calling us to dinner," answered the codfish, and off they went, leaving Edward alone with the whale.

"I'll take you home," he said. "Those silly fish never think of anything when they hear that bell ring. Get on my back."

Up they went to the top of the water, and the whale took Edward to the bank and he jumped to the land.

"I am sorry about that whale story," said Edward, "but you see, I only knew what I had read."

"Oh, that is all right," said the whale. "Of course you did not know how that Jonah incident upset our family."



# TWO BRAVE BOYS

WHEN the fire-bells ring in the city and you know that a house is on fire, it does not frighten you, because you know that the brave firemen will be there soon and put out the fire.

But in the country there are no firemen or engines and the people have cause to be alarmed when a fire breaks out.

Thomas and William lived on a farm. Thomas was fourteen, and William twelve, but they were sturdy lads and knew how to work.

One morning their father and mother went to the city, to be gone all day, and after the boys finished their work they went into the woods for berries.

They had filled their pails and were returning when William said: "Father and mother must have come back early. I can see the smoke from the chimney."

Thomas did not answer for a minute, and then he

said: "That smoke is not coming from the chimney; it looks as though one of the buildings is on fire."

Both boys ran as fast as they could, and when they were nearer William said, "It's the barn, and we must get the horses out."

The poor animals were kicking about in their stalls, and frantically tugging at their halters. The smoke was thick and the boys could just see into the stalls.

"We must wet our handkerchiefs and tie them over our mouths," said William, running to the pump. It takes more time to tell about it than it took the boys to do this. Then they ran into the barn and untied the two horses and led them out.

Thinking that they would look out for themselves, the boys began pumping water to pour on the flames.

They wet their heads again and went into the barn with pails of water, when the horses came running in and acting in the most frantic manner. One of them knocked William to the floor, and in the smoke Thomas did not see him, and, supposing that he would catch one of the horses, Thomas caught the other and led him out and tied him to a tree.

When William did not appear he began to be frightened, for the flames were coming up through the floor, but Thomas did not stop to think of that. He knew William was in the burning barn.

Wetting his face and head again, he ran into the barn. His feet struck something, and he felt to see what it was. It was William, who had struck his head in falling, and the smoke had made him faint.

Thomas dragged him out and laid him on the ground, and went back for the other horse, that happened to be near the door just then. The flames had singed his tail and mane, and he was a sorry-looking animal. Thomas tied him to a tree and then went to William.

He wet his face, and after a while he opened his eyes. "What is the matter?" he asked.

Thomas told him. "And now we must save the house and other buildings," he said, "by putting out this fire. You get the dinner-horn," he told William, "and blow as loudly as you can."

The pump was near enough to the barn so that he did not have to run far, and Thomas pumped and carried pails of water, and threw it on the burning floor. His poor arms ached and his hands smarted, but he did not stop, and by the time the horn was heard by the farmer down the road Thomas had succeeded in nearly extinguishing the flames. The lower part of the barn was damaged, but by his hard work Thomas had kept the fire from spreading and saved the house. He had saved his brother, also, for if Thomas had not been brave and gone into the smoking barn William would have been burned.

When their father and mother came home that night they saw from the road that the barn was burnt, and when the boys told them all that had happened they thought they had two brave boys.

When their mother kissed them good night, she said, "I am proud of my heroes, but we must not forget the One who watched over and protected you, and thank Him in our prayers."



# WHAT THE SPARROW SAW

"I HAVE seen strange sights to-day," said a sparrow, as he perched on a limb beside another sparrow.

"What have you seen?" asked the second sparrow.

"I saw two poor children."

"You can see those every day," said the second sparrow.

"Yes, I know that," said the first sparrow. "But these children were thoughtful of others, even though they were very poor. I'll tell you about it. Yesterday, when the snow was falling fast, I went behind a broken blind on a tenement-house. I saw some rags sticking out of a broken window and I flew to the sill and began to pick at them, when I heard a voice say, 'Oh, look, Nellie! There is a sparrow,' and two children came to the window. They looked cold and hungry, but the boy, whose name was Johnnie,

said: 'Poor little bird, out in the snow-storm! He must be cold.'

"'And perhaps he is hungry,' said Nellie. 'Let us give him some of our dinner.'

"'We have only two pieces of bread,' said Johnnie, but we can give the poor sparrow part of it.'

"I flew away, for I did not feel sure of their generosity, but from behind the blind I saw Johnnie open the window and Nellie put pieces on the sill; then they pulled off pieces of rags and put them in a corner of the window-frame so I could get them. When I flew back to the sill I heard Nellie say:

"'We will wrap the blanket around us and save the coal so we can have a fire when mother comes home; perhaps she did not find work and she will be cold."

"'I wish we could have something hot for her supper,' said Johnnie, 'but if she found work she will bring something, and we will make her sit in a chair, like a queen, and we'll cook it and play we are her pages.'

"'Do look at that sparrow,' said Nellie. 'He is picking the rags in pieces.' I flew back of the blinds with a piece of the rags and when I came back to the sill Nellie was telling Johnnie that the Bible said 'not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father knowing it,' and that the Bible also said 'that if He took care of the sparrows He would take care of His people.'"

"I do not think they were cared for," said the second sparrow.

"Wait and see," said the first sparrow. "Just then a piece of bread fell to the street and dropped in front of an old gentleman, and when I flew down to pick it up he said: 'Well, well! The poor are the ones that give of their substance. I'll watch where that bird goes.' So I flew back to the window, and the children were there laughing because I had found my crumb.

"I waited, and soon a knock came at the door. Johnnie opened it, and there stood the old gentleman. 'Did you feed sparrows?' he asked, coming in and closing the door.

"'Yes, sir," said Johnnie.

- "' 'Where is your mother?' asked the old gentleman. Johnnie told him she was out looking for work.
- "' 'And your father,' he inquired, 'where is he?'
- "' 'Father is dead,' Johnnie told him.
- "'Have you had your dinner?' the old gentleman asked Nellie.
  - "'Yes, sir,' she replied.
  - "' 'What did you have?' he asked.
  - "'Some bread,' answered Nellie.
- "'And you gave part of that to the sparrows?' said the old gentleman. 'You are pretty good children. I am glad I have found such big hearts in such little bodies. I'll be back soon,' he said, as he went out."

"Didn't you almost freeze," said the second sparrow, "listening in the cold?"

"Oh, I kept hopping around, and then I went behind the blind when the old gentleman went out."

"Did he come back?" asked the second sparrow, who was very much interested by this time.

"Yes. I heard the door close and I flew back to the sill. He had a man with him who was unpacking two large baskets. There were all kinds of food. And in a few minutes the door opened and a man came in with coal and wood. You never saw two children so pleased.

"'Now we can have a hot supper for mother,' they said.

"'Yes,' said the old gentleman, 'and I will stay and help you."

"But what do you suppose those children did? They came to the window and put out a heap of crumbs for me."

"No!" said the second sparrow. "Did they, really?"

"Yes, they did, and I heard Nellie say, 'We must feed the sparrow first, for if it had not been for him we should not have had all these nice things."

"By and by their mother came in. She hadn't found work and she looked tired, but she was so surprised to see the old gentleman and the hot supper that the tired look disappeared. Then the children talked so fast that I could not hear much more, but I know the old gentleman is going to take them to live with him, because he needs a housekeeper, and the children are going to school."

"I think you had better watch and see where they go," said the second sparrow; "you will always have something to eat if you go to them."

"I shall," said the first sparrow, "because I feel that the children and I had the same good intentions in our hearts."



# THE LAND OF "I FORGOT"

L OUISE was a very forgetful little girl. She forgot got to bathe her face in the morning, she forgot to fold her napkin before she left the table, she forgot the errand her mother told her to do before school-time, and in fact she forgot many things which she ought to have remembered.

One day while she was out walking she met a kind-looking old gentleman, who asked her to walk with him. His hair was white and long, he wore a long coat and a wide-brimmed hat, and walked with a cane.

He smiled and chatted in such a pleasant manner that Louise did not notice where she was until they were in a queer-looking village where there seemed to be only children, and they were doing such queer things. One little boy was sweeping the steps and walks of a house, and as fast as he cleaned them the dirt would pile up again and he had to keep on sweeping. Another boy was weeding a garden, but the weeds grew again as soon as he pulled them out of the ground, and there were so many that Louise asked the old gentleman why the boy tried to clear the garden at all.

"This is the land of 'I Forgot,' "said the old gentleman, "and all the children are working to make up the work they forgot to do. The boy sweeping forgot so many mornings to do his work before school that it will take a long time for him to catch up to the present time. The boy weeding the garden forgot to help his mother do the weeding each Saturday, so the weeds grow very fast, and now he has a long row ahead of him."

The old gentleman led Louise into a house, and in one room sat a little girl before a mirror, combing her hair. It was a mass of tangles, and the little girl wept as she worked.

"She forgot to comb her hair properly each day," the old gentleman told Louise. In another room sat a little girl at the piano, playing. "This little girl forgot to practise," the old gentleman said, "and now she has to work hard to catch up."

A boy was picking up hats and hanging them on the rack. The hall was filled with hats, and Louise wondered if he would ever finish his task.

"He forgot to put his hat in the right place when he came in the house," the old gentleman explained. In another room was a boy surrounded by shoes which he was polishing. "I suppose he forgot to keep his shoes clean," said Louise.

"Yes," replied the old gentleman, "and this boy forgot to have his hands clean when he came to the table." Louise looked, and saw a boy bathing his hands and drying them and then plunging them into the soapy water and then drying them again.

"Oh dear, what a lot of napkins!" said Louise, looking into another room.

"Yes," said the old gentleman. "There is a little girl behind that pile of napkins; she is folding them; she always forgot to fold hers when she left the table."

"Oh!" said Louise, faintly, and she felt her cheeks burn. They went into the street and met a little girl running back and forth. "What did she forget?" asked Louise.

"She forgot to do the errands her mother told her to do before school, and she has a long, long way to go.

"In this house," said the old gentleman, as he opened the door of another house, "are the children who forget to pick up their toys and books and keep their room tidy."

"Oh!" said Louise, as she looked, for there were so many things strewn about the floor and on the tables and chairs that it looked like an endless task to Louise.

"Will they ever finish their work?" she asked,

"all these children who live in this land of 'I Forgot'?"

"I am sure that some of them will," said the old gentleman, "and I shall let those who do go on with the every-day things of life."

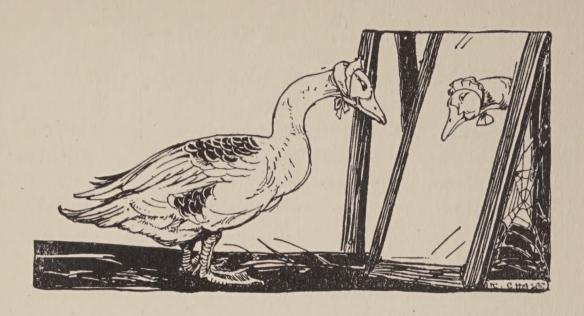
"You will let them?" said Louise. "Who are you?"

"I am Memory," said the old gentleman, "and the land of 'I Forgot' is where I train the children who cannot remember to do each day the things they should."

The old gentleman took Louise to the path that led out of the village and said: "Good-by. I may see you again some day."

"I do not think so," Louise replied, "but I am pleased to have met you, and I hope all the children will soon be able to leave the land of 'I Forgot."

As Louise walked toward her home she resolved to remember in the future and not have her memory trained in the land of "I Forgot."



# THE ANIMALS AND THE MIRROR

A UNT SUSAN sent an old-fashioned lookingglass to the barn to be stored in the loft, with other discarded furniture. The farm-boy stood it on the floor of the barn until he should have time to store it away. The mirror was broad and long and had a dark wooden frame.

An old duck wandered into the barn and caught sight of herself in the mirror. "There is another duck," she said. "Wonder who she is?" And she walked toward the reflection. "She is rather friendly," she continued. "She is walking toward me. But what large feet she has, and her feathers are very handsome. Goodness!" she said, as she bumped into the mirror, "if that duck isn't in a glass case! Why are you in there?" she asked. "Well, you needn't answer if you don't want to," she said, walking away. "A glass case is a good place for you."

Just then a pig came along, and, nosing around, he came in front of the mirror. "What are you doing in here?" he asked, thinking he saw another pig. His nose hit the glass, and he stepped back. "So you are in a glass pen. You are not very handsome and your nose is not as long as mine; I cannot see why you should have a glass pen." And away he trotted to tell the other pigs about the very plain-looking pig.

Pussy came along next, and walked in front of the mirror, turning her head and swinging her tail. She had seen a mirror before and knew that she was a handsome cat. But she saw the dog coming in the door, so she walked away, for she did not want the dog to think her vain. The dog walked over to the mirror and sniffed, and then looked foolish. He had seen a mirror before, but not so often as puss.

"Thought it was another dog, didn't you?" she laughed. "Here comes the donkey. Let us hide behind those barrels and see what he does."

"Well, if they haven't got another donkey!" he said. "I suppose I should speak first, as I have lived here so long. He is coming to meet me. Well, that is friendly," he said.

Bump! His nose hit the glass.

"Well, if I sha'n't give up!" he said. "You are in a glass case. You are a homely creature," he remarked, after waiting for the other donkey to speak, "and

your ears are not so long as mine," and he walked off with a disgusted air.

The cat rolled over and over, and the dog buried his head in his paws.

"Did you ever see anything so funny?" he said to puss.

"Hush!" she replied. "Here is the rooster."

The rooster stopped quite still when he saw himself in the mirror. "Well, where did you come from?" he asked, bristling up his feathers. He walked straight to the mirror and flew at the other rooster.

Bang! He brought up against the glass.

"In a glass case, are you?" he said, as he stretched out his neck and looked very fierce. "Well, you should be; you are a sight—your feathers are ruffed and you are not half as handsome as I am."

And off he walked, satisfied that he was handsomer than the other rooster.

"Oh dear!" laughed the cat. "I certainly shall scream. They all think they are handsomer than their reflections. Here comes the turkey gobbler."

The gobbler walked leisurely over to the mirror and looked at his reflection. "Now," he asked, "where in the world did they get you? You are an old, baldheaded-looking creature, and your feathers need oiling; you look like a last year's turkey," and off he strutted.

The cat and dog leaned against the barrels and laughed until the tears ran down their faces.

"Keep still," said the dog. "Here comes the speckled hen and her chickens."

Speckled hen walked around, picking up bits of corn, when suddenly she looked up. "There is a hen with a brood of chicks, but they are not so handsome as mine," she said, walking toward the mirror. "Where do you live? I know you do not belong here," she said, and she looked closer at the other hen.

Click! Her bill hit the glass.

"Well, if she isn't in a glass coop!" she said, stepping back. "If master has brought her and those chicks there will be trouble. Mercy! One of the chicks is bow-legged, and they are a skinny-looking lot, now I look closer." And she clucked to her chicks and walked out of the barn.

"Oh dear!" laughed the dog, "they all think the same. They certainly are a conceited lot. Here comes the goose."

The goose waddled over to the mirror. "Well, well! If here isn't a new goose!" she said, "and she is walking toward me. I must be friendly."

Snap! Her bill struck the mirror.

"Oh, you are in a glass box!" she said. "Have you come to stay?" And she stretched out her neck. "My, but you have a nice long neck!" she remarked, "and your feathers are nice and smooth. I suppose you cannot hear in that box," she said, nodding goodby, and the other goose, of course, nodded also, and goosey went away satisfied.

"She is not so much of a goose as the others," the cat remarked.

"The peacock is coming," said the dog. "Keep quiet."

In walked the peacock, and, seeing another bird, as he supposed, he spread his beautiful tail to its full width. He walked about, but never a word did he say.

"Now, what do you make of that?" asked the dog. "Did he know that he was looking in a looking-glass, or wouldn't he speak to another bird!"

"I do not know," said the cat, "but here comes the goat. Hide, quick!"

Billy came clattering over the boards, when suddenly he saw the other goat. He looked at him a minute. "I'll show him," he said, running at the mirror with head down.

Bang! Smash! Crash! And Billy jumped back, the most astonished goat you ever saw.

"Now you have done it," said the horse, who had been watching all the time from his stall. "All the animals will get out now and run away."

"What are you talking about!" said the dog, who was laughing so hard he could scarcely walk. "There are no animals in there. That is a looking-glass; you see yourself when you are in front of it."

"Do you mean to tell me that those animals have all been looking at themselves and finding fault with their own looks?" said the horse, with his eyes nearly popping out of his head. "Of course," said the cat. "Can't you see that Billy has smashed it?"

"Well, that is the best I ever heard," said the horse, laughing, "but I wish I had known that was a looking-glass before Billy broke it. I should very much like to know how I look."

"You might not have recognized yourself; the others didn't," said the dog.



#### DISCONTENTED DEWDROP

ONE morning a little dewdrop was resting on the petal of a wild rose that grew beside a river. The sun shining on it made it glisten like a diamond, and a lady who was passing stopped to admire its beauty.

"It is the most beautiful thing in the world," she remarked. "See the colors in that tiny little drop! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" repeated the dewdrop, when the lady walked away. "If I were like the river I might be wonderful; it is too bad. Here I am sitting while the river can run on and on, and see all the sights. It bubbles and babbles as it goes, and that is worth while. I have never a chance to be wonderful. Oh, if I were only in the river water I might be something."

Just then a breeze, passing, heard the little dewdrop's wish. "You shall have your wish, foolish dewdrop," she said, blowing gently on the rose, which swayed, and off went the little dewdrop into the rushing river.

"This is like something, being a part of this river," said the dewdrop, as it mingled its tiny drop with the running river. "Now I am worth admiring and can see something of the world."

On and on it ran with the water of the river, but it was no longer a dewdrop; it was a part of the river.

"I wish I could stop for a minute so some one might admire me," said the silly little drop, for it thought it could still be seen and was making all the babbling it heard as the river ran along.

But no one admired it, nor did it stop; on went the river to a larger river, and by and by it came to the bay and the dewdrop went rolling into it with the other water.

"Surely I am greater now than ever and worth admiring," thought the drop, but it heard no sweet words such as the lady spoke of the little dewdrop on the rose by the river.

The bay mingled at last with the ocean and little dewdrop knew at last that it was no longer a thing to be admired for itself alone, but a part of the great ocean. It was completely lost in the vastness of the mighty waters of which it was only a drop.

The breeze went whispering over it, calling, "Little dewdrop, little dewdrop, where are you?"

But the drop answered never a word. It did not

even hear the gentle voice of the breeze, so loud was the roar of the ocean.

"Come away," called a loud wind to the gentle breeze. "That is no place for you. I must blow here and make the wave high, and you will never find your little dewdrop. It has been swallowed long ago by the ocean. Go back to your river and tell the other dewdrops the fate of their companion."

The gentle breeze went away and the loud wind swept the ocean, making the waves high and the roar louder and louder. The little dewdrop was there somewhere in a great whole, but it was lost forever in its longing to become great.

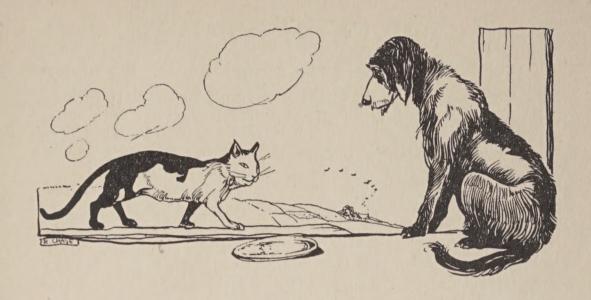
The gentle breeze went back to the river, and as she sighed around the rose, where the discontented dewdrop had rested, she heard another drop say:

"Look at the river. Isn't it big? Here am I only a dewdrop, so small no one can see me."

"Ah, that is where you are mistaken, my dainty dewdrop," said the gentle breeze. "You can be seen now, but if you were to become a part of the river you would never be seen. You would lose your identity as soon as you mingled with the waters of the river. Be your own sweet self and be content with the part you play in this world. You are helping to make it more beautiful by your own dainty beauty. Do not wish to do a greater thing."

And then she told the fate of the discontented dewdrop that had wished to become great, and how, at last, it was swallowed by its own greatness, and its dainty beauty which had been so admired no longer remained.

"Be content with the small part you play in this world," she told the drop, "and do not long for greatness."



### TOWSER

TOWSER was an old dog. He had been on the farm for many years, and Farmer Mason thought he was too old to be a watch-dog any longer. So he brought a new dog home one day and put him in Towser's house. Poor Towser did not understand it. He slept in the kitchen, and the new dog had his house in the yard and ate out of his dish.

"Hello, Towser!" said pussy, the next morning. "How do you like sleeping in the house?"

"It was nice and warm," said Towser, trying not to show his feelings.

"Yes, I know that," said pussy; "but you have looked out for things so long it must be hard to see some one in your place. He is a fine-looking fellow," added pussy, as she went out the door.

Towser did not go around where the dog-house was for several days.

"Poor Towser," said the farmer's wife, one morning, "he really seems to feel hurt at being put out of his house. I truly think he is a better watch-dog now than the new one, for a tramp came up to the door the other morning, and the new dog did not bark. Towser did, though, and drove him out in quick time."

"Towser has been a good dog," said Farmer Mason, "but he has had his day. I think he should have an easy time, now he is old. I hope when I am old some one will let me take things easy. Don't you worry about Towser; he'll get used to things in a few days."

One day Towser was passing through the yard and the new dog growled. Towser did not notice him at first, but when he kept it up Towser walked toward him, growling and showing his teeth, and by the time he reached him the new dog turned and went into the house.

"He is a coward," said the old rooster, who was watching them. "Towser is worth three of him."

"But Towser is old," said the little brown hen; "the new dog is young, and he is fine-looking, also."

"That is what puss thinks," said the rooster. "Handsome is that handsome does, is what I think," he said, strutting over to the pigpen.

"Madam Pig," he asked, "what do you think of the new dog?"

"I think Towser the best," she said. "That new

dog comes over here and barks at us just like a silly dog."

The rooster met the horse next. "How do you like the new dog?" he asked.

"He is a stupid creature," said the horse. "He runs at my heels and barks like any common dog, and I, for one, think it is a shame that Towser was put out of his house for that good-for-nothing animal."

One night Farmer Mason heard a loud barking, and then the smashing of glass. He took his gun and ran down-stairs. He found the window in the kitchen broken, and when he looked out, there was Towser standing over a man and growling very fiercely. The man was a burglar that had tried to enter the house by the kitchen window.

The new dog was in his house. He had let the man come in the yard and did not bark. Towser wagged his tail and looked at his master in a very knowing manner.

The next morning the new dog was led away by a boy to whom Farmer Mason had given him, and Towser was put back in his house.

His master patted his head and said: "If you can catch a man at your age and hold him, you will do to look out for us for a while yet."



# A KNOTTY SUBJECT

A N old hound dog sat in a barn doorway, looking very sad, and it looked as though there were tears in his eyes. Presently a rat ran close to him.

"What is the matter, Mr. Hound?" he asked. "You look very sad."

The hound absent-mindedly wiped his eyes with his ear and said, "The men took their guns this morning and went away without me."

"Well, suppose they did," said the rat; "they may not have gone hunting. Where is the cat?" he asked, as he settled down near the dog.

"Oh, she is in the house," replied the hound, and he lay down and began playing with the rat's tail. The rat was nibbling a piece of tallow and did not notice that the dog was tying knots in his long tail until he tied the second near the end, when he gave it an extra hard pull. "Ouch!"

cried the rat. "What in the world are you doing to my tail?"

"Oh! I did not notice what I was doing," said the dog. "I am so absent-minded."

"I should say you were," said the rat. "It has always been my lot in life not to do this and not to do that, and now I shall have a tail of knots following me. Do try to untie them."

But the dog had tied them too firmly; he could not untie them. "Here comes the goose," he said; "we'll ask her. Madam Goose, see if you can untie these knots in the rat's tail."

"Why don't you grind them out?" the goose said. So the rat jumped upon the grindstone, and the hound turned it, while the goose held the tail. After the first turn the rat jumped down and ran. "I shall not have any tail left if you keep that up," he said. "Mr. Horse," he asked, "how can I get these knots out of my tail?"

"Put on grease and they will slip out," he replied. So the dog got the pot of wheel-grease and smeared the rat's tail. But that did not move them. Then the pig came along and told them that if they pulled hard enough it could be straightened. So the rat put his front paws around the post, and the goose took the end of his tail in her bill, and the dog put his front paws around the goose, and the horse put his front legs around the dog, and the pig watched, to tell when it was straight, and they all pulled. But the rat let

go of the post, and over they all went, rolling on the floor.

"If you had not let go," said the pig, "I am sure your tail could have been straightened. Here comes the donkey. Ask him."

"What shall I do, Donkey," asked the rat, "to get the knots out of my tail?"

"If you could roll the barn door over it," said the donkey, "you could flatten it, and I am sure the knots would be gone." The rat ran to the door and put his tail on the sill. But just then he saw the cat coming, and he ran into a hole, but his tail stuck out.

By and by two chickens came along. "Oh, what a big worm!" said one, picking at it.

"Give me half," said the other, pulling at the other side, and they untied the knot.

"What a funny worm!" they said, picking at it again. This time they pulled out the rat. This frightened them and they ran.

But the rat called them back. "Come here," he said. "Please untie the other knot. You have done what all the other animals failed to do."

But the chickens remembered having seen Mr. Rat in the hencoop, eating the eggs, and they ran farther away, saying, "Keep the other knot in your tail to remember not to eat our eggs."

So the rat had to run around the rest of his life with a knot in his tail, which we hope will make him remember not to do wrong things.



# DOROTHY'S KIMONO

DOROTHY'S Uncle Ned had just returned from a trip around the world. He brought her many pretty things, but the present she liked best was a little kimono embroidered with flowers and butterflies. Dorothy had been very ill and was just now able to sit up in a chair with pillows around her. The kimono she could wear when her little friends came to call, and she was very proud of it.

"This kimono," Uncle Ned told her, "I bought from a little Japanese girl, and she told me she wished the honorable little American girl who wore it might have happy dreams." Dorothy thought this very funny, and wondered about it many times. One day when she was wearing her pretty kimono she was looking at a book, and opened to a page on which was this little verse:

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow, Little frosty Eskimo, Little Turk or Japanee, O! don't you wish that you were me?

Dorothy wondered if the little girl who had worn her kimono would wish to be in her place, and she wished she could see her.

"Oh," said Dorothy, "what beautiful trees!" For all at once she was in an orchard of cherry-trees. They were full of blossoms, and the ground looked as though it were covered with pink-tinged snow. "I wonder how I got here so soon," Dorothy thought. "This is the land Uncle Ned told me about. Oh, how pretty the cherry blossoms look, falling all around. There is a little tea-house. I know, from Uncle Ned's description." And away she ran to a little house she saw in the distance.

Dorothy saw a little Japanese girl serving tea to Japanese ladies who sat upon the floor. Their hair was so smooth and shiny she wished she could run her fingers over it. Then she saw a little house across a pretty little bridge. She walked over the bridge, looking around as she went. She saw green on every side, with the prettiest little houses peeping out from between the vines and trees. And there were the tiniest islands in the river under the bridge, with very small bridges connecting them. And very little houses were on the islands, and tiny Japanese men and women were walking to and fro.

Dorothy thought she would like to play with them. She continued her walk across the bridge and went up the bank to a little house she saw among the trees. Just as she was entering, a dainty little Japanese girl met her, and she wore a kimono, just like the one Uncle Ned brought to her.

"Oh," said Dorothy, "you have a kimono just like mine. I do wish I had worn mine so you could see that they are just alike."

But the little girl shook her head. "No, honorable lady," she said, "there is not another like mine in the world. My honorable grandmother made this, and it is the only one of its kind." But Dorothy knew better.

The little girl invited her to enter, and stepped backward, bowing very low.

"Oh, what beautiful chrysanthemums!" exclaimed Dorothy, as she saw a jar almost as tall as a man, filled with the yellow and white flowers. Then the little girl clapped her hands, and a servant appeared with tea on a shiny tray. Dorothy tried to sit as the little girl did, but she could not tuck her feet under her as she did, and the cup did not have a handle, so Dorothy watched her little hostess. But she could not pick up her cup as she did.

"Oh dear, my legs are cramped," said Dorothy, after a while. "Can't I walk about?" But when she tried to get up she felt very awkward, for the little Japanese girl arose very gracefully. They walked out

upon a balcony, and there Dorothy saw the most beautiful waterfall, and above that were little temples with queer figures on them, just as Uncle Ned had told her.

She walked back to the little room where the chrysanthemums were, and then she noticed that there were no chairs in the room. There was matting upon the floor, and funny little stools. Dorothy was glad she did not live in a country where there were no chairs to sit upon. Then she thought of the lines in the book, "Little Turk or Japanee, don't you wish that you were me?" And just then the strangest thing happened. All the chrysanthemums began to nod their heads. One was her mother, and another her father, and one was Uncle Ned. And there was her white-capped nurse, and here she was sitting in her chair with the pillows around her. And the nurse said, "You must drink this now."

Her father laughed, and said, "You must have had a pleasant dream; you were smiling in your sleep." Dorothy told Uncle Ned that she had seen the little Japanese girl who sold him her kimono and had tea with her. And then she heard her mother say:

"We must not talk in here again; it is too much excitement for her just now."

But Dorothy was glad she had seen the little girl who had wished "the honorable little American girl happy dreams," and hopes that some day she may visit her again.



## WHY THE TREES BEND

ONE day a little fairy said to an old fairy: "What makes the trees bend and sway, and the leaves fly away and leave the poor trees bare and alone?"

"Listen, and I will tell you," said the old fairy. "Once upon a time the trees were as still as the rocks. They did not bend or swing about their long branches. One day a bird from the south alighted upon one of the boughs of a tree and began telling it of the wonderful things it had seen. The bird sang out the gladness which was in his heart, and the tree listened and wondered why the bird sang so sweetly.

"'Tell me,' said the tree, 'why you are so happy.'

"'Oh, I have seen such wonderful things!" replied the bird. 'I come from the warm, sunny south, where the trees are greener, the flowers sweeter, and the sun brighter than here. The moonlight on the water is like fairyland, and it fills my heart with gladness. I have come to tell all of the beauty of that land.'

"The tree began to wish it could see all this.

"By and by another bird came; he sang a different song. His notes were cold, and the tree wondered what he had seen. 'Tell me,' said the tree, 'are you unhappy?'

"'Oh no!' said the bird, 'I am singing of what I

have seen.'

"'Tell me,' said the tree.

- "'I have been to a land where there is snow,' said the bird, 'and big icebergs. The white polar bear crawls over great fields of ice, and the seal and walrus sun themselves on beds of snow. I have seen the Eskimo, and his sleds and dogs, and the land where the sun never seems to set.'
- "'Oh dear!' said the tree, 'I wish I could see these things,' and it began to move uneasily.
- "Another day a bird came and sang a song which was different from the others. 'Where have you been and what have you seen?' asked the tree.
- "'Oh, I flew here from the ocean,' said the bird. 'I have seen wonderful things. There is a great blue ocean out there, and huge waves rise from it and fish swim in it. There are many things under it, too.'
- "'What do you see under the ocean?' asked the tree, still moving.
  - "'Oh, there are rocks and wonderful plants and

coral, and sometimes when I am skimming over the waves I see whales and sharks,' said the bird.

"The tree spread out its branches and longed to be away to these strange lands, and it whispered to the other trees and they began to be uneasy and move their branches. Then the leaves blew away, one by one; still the tree was unable to go to the land it longed to see.

"One day another bird came to sing in the branches of the tree. It sang sweetly and hopped from branch to branch.

"'Where did you come from?' asked the tree, and what have you seen in your travels?'

"'I have not traveled far,' the bird replied; 'only through the woods about here, but I have seen wonderful things. The sky is very blue, the sun is bright and warm, and the water is beautiful.'

"But you do not see the snow, and the moonlight on the water, and the beautiful flowers,' said the tree. I have heard of wonderful countries that have all this and much more."

"'But you can find all those things right here if you look about,' the bird replied. 'In winter we have the snow and ice, and the moonlight is as beautiful here upon the water as anywhere. It is the same moon shining all over.'

"'Is that true?' asked the tree.

"'Yes,' said the bird; 'you have all these wonderful things around you. If you look you will find that it is true.'

"And that is the reason," the old fairy continued, "that the trees swing and bend; they are looking at all the beautiful things that have been given to the world. But they also are stretching out their branches and bending low, hoping to get a glimpse of the wonderful things the bird from the ocean told about, for you know that no mortals are quite satisfied with what is given to them; they are looking and wishing for that which is beyond their reach."



### THE COLOR FESTIVALS

NCE upon a time the fairies, elves, and gnomes met to have a party. "Let us hold it in the woods," said the elves, and they all agreed to that, but the elves wanted to change the color of the trees and bushes, as they thought they would show up better in the moonlight.

"Make them red," said the gnomes, but the elves wanted them yellow, and the fairies did not want them changed, as they were fond of green.

"But they look so dull in the moonlight," said the elves.

"And now the weather is so cool at night, the red will look warmer," said the gnomes.

The gnomes and the elves finally agreed to have the trees and bushes red and yellow, but the fairies would not consent, and still held to their choice of green. "We will have a party of our own," said the fairies. "You elves and gnomes can have yours later. I am sure our party will be the prettiest."

"We will see," the others said. "You can have your party now, but when you see our gorgeous party of red and yellow you will be sorry."

So the elves and gnomes went away and the fairies began work at once, for they had much work to do.

The next night, when the moon was shining very brightly, the elves and gnomes crept very softly to the edge of the woods and looked in. Their hearts sank when they saw how beautiful everything looked in the moonlight. The trees, with their beautiful green foliage, shone as though they were polished, the rocks were covered with velvety-looking moss, and some of the bushes were filled with white buds, while others were covered with small pink blossoms. The nightingale was singing sweetly, and the rabbits were peeping from behind the rocks. Squirrels darted over the vine-covered ground. It was truly a fairyland, and the elves and gnomes were in despair.

One old elf, who was very wise, told them he had heard of an artist who made wonderful pictures, and perhaps they could get him to help them. "His name is Jack Frost," he told them. They had to wait a long time before they could have their party, for Jack Frost was very busy in the north, just then. But one night, when the moon was big and the old

man was smiling his broadest smile, the elves and gnomes held their party.

The fairies darted around in the outside of the woods, and were filled with envy when they beheld the gorgeous sight. The trees and bushes were of the most glorious shades of red and yellow. The gnomes had left all of the rocks open as they came out, and in front of each stood a yellow pumpkin, which had been hollowed out and filled with big red apples. The elves had placed corn-stalks, which they had changed to a yellow color, around the rocks and trees.

The poor little fairies were afraid they were outdone. But an old owl who heard them talking told them that he had seen both festivals, and that their party was as pretty as this one, although neither of them could call their party the best. And he thought the gnomes and elves each year should hold a yellow-and-red festival and the fairies a green one. And that is the reason we find the trees red and yellow in the autumn; it is then the elves and gnomes hold their festival. And when the trees are green and the flowers are in bloom we may know that the fairies are holding their green festival, in the springtime.



### HOW THE WATER-LILIES GREW

ONE night the gnomes and elves held a meeting to decide upon a flower which would help to beautify the world.

"But where can we place it after it is made?" said the elves. "The fields are filled with flowers. There are the dandelion, the daisy, goldenrod, violet, and many others."

"We'll put it in the water," said a gnome.

And so it was decided that the flower they made should be placed in the water.

Then they had to decide upon the color. "Of course," said one elf, "part of it must be green." They all agreed to that. But the other color caused much trouble. Some wanted pink, others white, and some gold. One old gnome thought white with a gold center and green leaves would be pretty, and all agreed to the green and white, but no one would side

with him about the gold center. One of the elves held to his first choice of pink. But it was finally decided that the flower should be white with green leaves.

Away scampered some of the elves to borrow a kettle from a witch in the woods. And soon all were at work. The gnomes brought from under the earth bags filled with wonderful white stuff, which they guarded very carefully. This they poured into the kettle, and the gnomes perched upon the sides and stirred for a long time. The elves were very busy making the green part. They gathered moss from the rocks and ground it between two stones, and then rolled it out upon a flat rock, polishing it with their little hands until it shone like glass. Then they cut out the leaves.

When the gnomes had the white part ready they poured it upon a flat rock and rolled it out and cut out the petals, which looked like wax. Then all the elves and gnomes set to work making the flowers, and soon they had thousands of beautiful green-and-white lilies. The elf who wanted pink in the flower sat a little away from the others, and every once in a while he would put a dash of pink on the white petals, and a few he made all pink, and no one discovered that he was having his way.

But the gnome who wanted the gold center sat alone. He was thinking, and did not help with the flower-making. When the lilies were all finished they carried them to the pond and called the frogs to help them. They put very long stems on the lilies, so they might be fastened to the bottom of the pond.

The frogs took the stems in their mouths and set them firmly in the mud, and the pond looked as though the frogs were just poking their noses through the water.

"Every one must be up early in the morning," said one of the elves, "to see the lilies bloom," and away they all scampered, for it was very late. The elves slipped under the leaves and into the trees, and the gnomes went into the earth and rocks.

But the old gnome who wanted the gold center still sat thinking, and as soon as the others were out of sight he started off as fast as his little legs would carry him to a mountain where there was gold.

There he filled a bag and returned with it just before the sun came up. He made a boat of the bark of a tree and sailed out upon the pond. He went to every lily and opened it, and right in the center of each he dropped a little of the gold. Then he hurried to the shore and hid behind a bush. Soon the elves and gnomes were popping out from their sleeping-places and running toward the pond to watch the opening of their flowers. Slowly the lilies unfolded and the bright golden center met their eyes.

"When did he do it?" asked one.

But the flowers looked so beautiful that they for-

gave the old gnome for deceiving them, and they did not notice the pink ones. But some time when you are gathering water-lilies you will find a few tinted pink or even a whole pink lily, and these are the ones the little elf colored on the sly.



### THE FAIRIES' DISGUISE

ONCE upon a time there lived an old woman in a little house on the edge of the woods. She had a little garden back of the house and in front grew the prettiest flowers of all kinds. There were goldenglow sunflowers, pansies, petunias, marigolds, and all the gay-colored flowers you can think of, and she called them her children.

The old lady loved them dearly and gave them the best of care.

She had plenty to eat in the summer, when the vegetables grew in the garden, but when the winter came it was very hard for the old lady to get enough to eat.

One night, when the wind was howling around her little house, she sat before the fire, wondering what she would eat the next day, for all the food was gone. "If I only had my flower-children to look at," she said, "that would be some comfort, but they are asleep under the cold ground and will not show me their smiling faces until spring."

Suddenly the door opened and a little creature, or, I should say, a flower, for she looked like a pansy walking about, entered the room. Then a ragged sailor came dancing in; then a marigold followed; and a goldenglow sunflower walked very stiffly into the room, and soon the place seemed like a flower-garden. It looked as though all the flowers had come to visit the old lady, from under the snow.

"Why, my children, how did you get here?" the old lady asked. "I did not know you could get out of the cold earth before spring."

"We do not leave there often," said one flower, "but we knew you were lonely and wanted us, and we begged to be allowed to visit you just for one night." Each flower had a smiling face and the old lady quite forgot her hunger.

"You take care of us all the spring and summer and for one night we will wait on you."

The door opened and in walked a platter with a roast of beef upon it. A dish of potatoes trotted after it, dishes of food of all kinds came in next, and just as one of the flowers was closing the door, a loud call was heard and in rushed a pot of tea, puffing steam through its nose.

"Oh dear," it said, "I'm all out of breath, I ran so fast; I waited to steep, and the other dishes got ahead of me, but I know the dear old lady would rather have me than any."

The flowers ran around the table, placing the dishes upon it, and the legs ran out the door as soon as the dishes were moved. They did look so funny, all those legs running without any bodies.

"Now," said a tall sunflower, "your dinner is ready, mother."

And all the flowers crowded around her chair and pushed it to the table. "I did not know you were so strong," said the old lady.

"No," said one flower, "but you knew we were beautiful; you see more beauty in us than any one, and you love us all the year. That makes us strong in our love for you, and we can do anything."

While the old lady was eating her dinner some of the flowers ran into the closet and looked into the empty flour-barrel, and when they put on the cover it was full of soft white flour. Then the sugar-box was visited, and when they left the pantry there was food to last for the winter. When the old lady finished her dinner the flowers cleared the table, and then they began to dance.

They sang as they whirled around the room, and soon the old lady was asleep. Then the flowers stopped dancing. They went to the fire and put on a big log, and then one of them pointed to the clock.

"Look," she said, "it is one minute of twelve, and we only borrowed these clothes up to twelve o'clock; we had better hurry."

They opened the door very softly, but when they reached the steps the clock began to strike, and when the last stroke sounded there were in the moonlight a group of fairies; the flowers had disappeared. The fairies had visited the dear old lady dressed as her flower-children because she loved them so dearly, and they thought if they disguised themselves as the flowers they could help the old lady without causing her to wonder who they were.



### HOW THE DAISY GOT HER YELLOW EYE

A LONG time ago the yellow-and-white daisy was all white, for she did not have a yellow eye. One night the fairies held a dance in a daisy-field. The Queen was there in her little carriage, which was a sea-shell drawn by two white doves. A firefly on either side lighted her way, and the elves, who had not been invited to the dance, followed the firefly lights, for they suspected the fairies were having a party. When the dance began the elves hid around the field in the grass where they could not be seen, because they were the same color as the grass.

The fairies formed in circles and danced around the daisies, singing:

"Daisy, daisy, tell to-night,
Why you're always dressed in white.
We would rather have you so,
Little lady, white as snow."

When the dance was finished, the fairy Queen told them to come the next night and dance again. The elves, when they heard this, became angry because they were not invited for the second night, and they agreed to hold a meeting the next day to decide how they could revenge themselves for the slight.

The meeting was held in a valley when the sun was shining brightly through the trees, and one elf, who was wiser than the others, proposed that they gather the sunbeams and throw them at the fairies when they were dancing that night, which would frighten them very much, as the fairies were afraid of the sunshine and only dared to dance in the dim light of the moon.

So the elves filled their pockets with sunlight and waited for the fairies to gather. That night when the fairies had formed for the dance and were singing:

"Daisy, daisy, tell to-night,
Why you're always dressed in white.
We would rather have you so,
Little lady, white as snow—"

the elves rushed out from their hiding-place in the grass and pelted the fairies with the sunbeams. But each little fairy hid behind a daisy, and as the sunbeams fell they stuck in the hearts of the daisies, and thenext morning each little flower had a golden-yellow center just the color of a sunbeam.



## THE MAGIC GLOVES

NORA was a little orphan girl. She lived with her aunt, who had three daughters, and Nora did all the work.

Her three cousins would get up in the morning and say, "We want our breakfast. Bring it to us, Nora." Then they would say, "Wash the dishes, Nora," and then it would be, "We want our beds made and the house made tidy; you do it, Nora," until poor Nora wished her name was changed.

She worked from morning till night, while her cousins sat in comfortable chairs and read a book.

One day they sent her to the well for a pail of water. "Oh dear," said Nora, as she walked along, "I wish I had two pairs of hands, so I could get all the work done and have a little time to rest."

"If you will wear these gloves," said some one behind her, "you need not work so hard." Nora looked,

and saw an old lady with a basket on her arm. She took from it a pair of gloves, which looked like cowhide, and handed them to Nora.

"They are not very pretty," she said, "but they will help you if you wear them."

Nora took them and thanked her; she put them on and the pail of water became as light as a feather, and Nora found herself at the door of the house before she realized that the old lady had disappeared.

The next morning when it was time to get the breakfast she put on the gloves, and the food was on the table in an instant. She went up-stairs to make the beds, and she had only to touch the clothes, and they flew into place; the duster and broom flew over the furniture and floor as if by magic, and the work was finished while she thought about it.

"Now that my work is finished," said Nora, as she put the gloves in her pocket, "I can go for a walk."

She went down the road, and in a garden saw a farmer at work pulling weeds. They had grown over his vegetables, and he was bemoaning his lot.

"I will never be able to clear my garden," he said, "and my vegetables will spoil."

"Let me help you," said Nora.

"What can a girl do in a garden?" asked the farmer. "But if you or any one will clear away those weeds I will give you a horse."

Nora put on the gloves and the farmer went into the house. The weeds fell under the magic touch of the gloves and soon the garden was cleared of the rank growth, and Nora called the farmer to look at her work.

"You shall have the horse," he said, "but I think you must have the power of a witch to have done so much work in this short time."

Nora did not tell him about the gloves, but took the horse and rode away on its back. She rode a long distance and came to a tavern. The landlord was in the yard, swinging his hands as though he were in great trouble.

"What is the matter?" asked Nora.

"I am in great distress about my tavern," he told her. "The King and Queen are traveling this way and will stop here, and all my help have left me. There will be no dinner for them, and I shall be ruined, for they will go away, and no one will ever come here again."

"I will help you," said Nora, jumping from her horse.

"If you can," said the landlord, "I will give you a horse."

Nora put on the gloves, and when the King and Queen arrived the dinner was ready, and they told the landlord that he had the best tavern on the road from London.

The landlord gave Nora the horse, as he promised, and she rode away, leading the other beside her.

By and by she came to a handsome house. By the

gate stood a youth and a maiden. She was weeping. "What is the matter?" asked Nora.

The youth told her that the father of the maid was a very rich man, while he was poor, and when he asked to marry the maid, her father's only reply was, "When you pick up all the stones on my lands and put them in one pile, then you can marry my daughter."

"Of course, I never could do that," said the youth, "and so we must say good-by."

"Dry your eyes," said Nora to the maid, "and hold my horses, and do you get me a rake," she told the youth, "and we will outwit her father."

Nora put on the magic gloves and went into the fields; the stones piled up as she went, and before long the stones were in a huge pile.

"Go call your father," she told the maiden, and when he came and saw what had been done he did not dare break his promise, and gave his consent to the marriage.

"You must let me give you a coach," said the maiden, "and then you can ride along with comfort. I want to show you how much I appreciate what you have done for us." The horses were hitched to the coach and Nora rode away. When she came to her aunt's home the cousins saw the handsome coach and horses and ran to meet her, for they were sure they had become rich.

Nora told them she was not rich, but the coach

belonged to her, and if they would help her to do the work each day, they could ride out in it.

They were very willing to do this, for they were anxious to ride in such a handsome carriage.

Nora did not tell the secret of the magic gloves, but she kept them and when there was more work than usual to be done she put them on and did it herself, and her aunt and cousins thought her a very clever girl. They were always willing to do their share, and afterward they lived happily together.



# HOW THE PANSIES GOT THEIR DRESSES

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich man who was so fond of flowers that he built a house in the center of a large plot of ground, and surrounded it with flowers of all kinds, and there he lived all alone with a gardener and his flowers.

The house was covered with beautiful pink and red rambler roses, which were separated by vines of white honeysuckle. There were roses of all kinds growing near the door, and graceful lilies lent their waxen beauty to the scene. There were also to be seen the hyacinth, poppy, heliotrope, geranium, the modest little violet in white and blue, and flowering bushes of every kind.

One day the rich man said to his gardener: "You must find me a new flower. These are very beautiful, but I must have something new."

The poor old gardener was in despair. "Master,"

he said, "I have been north and south, east and west, and all over the country, and you have growing around you all the different flowers I can find. I do not know where to look for a new flower."

"Go," said his master, "and do not return until you find a new flower."

The poor man went into his garden, wringing his hands and weeping as he walked along. "What shall I do to please him?" he said. "I know of no other flower and I shall be without a home in my old age, for I dare not return without the flower for which he asks." And the poor old man sat down upon the ground and wept.

"Perhaps we can help you," said a voice beside him, and he saw, through his tears, a group of fairies.

"But I have found for him all the flowers that grow," said the old gardener. "Unless you can tell me where to go to find a new kind, I am lost."

"You have pansies," said the fairy, "but only in white. Why not have them in colors?"

"But where will I get them?" asked the old man.

"Leave that to us," the fairy replied. "Dry your eyes and go into your house and sleep, and in the morning look where the white pansies grow."

That night, when everything was still, the fairies hurried through the garden to the bed of white pansies.

"We must be careful not to color all of them," said the leader, "for the white pansy is very pretty; but I am sure the master of this garden will be satisfied when he sees the beautiful colors we put on the others."

Then each fairy began her work on a pansy. Some were colored a rich yellow with dashes of black, others were given a deep purple, while others were colored in three shades, and some were left with white centers and tinted on the outer edge with soft colors of violet.

The next morning the old gardener went to the pansy-bed, and his eyes popped out with surprise and admiration. He danced and he sang in his wild delight at the beautiful sight, and ran toward the house, making such a noise that his master jumped out of bed and ran to the door to meet him.

"My master!" he cried, "I have found the new flower. Come quickly and behold it!"

His master followed him with all speed possible, and when he beheld the beautiful sight he embraced the old man and told him he should live in comfort the rest of his life, for he was satisfied with this new flower and felt sure that there was nothing more beautiful to be found.



# INQUISITIVE KATIE

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Katie, who was so inquisitive that she worried her mother very much. If a bundle was brought into the house she was uneasy until she saw what was in it, and she looked in all the drawers, and in the corners of all the closets.

"You will look in the wrong place, some day," her mother told her, "and something will catch you by the nose." But this did not stop Katie from looking and listening to everything that was said.

One day she was walking along the road when she saw a queer-looking old woman. "I wonder who she is," said Katie, "and where she is going."

The old woman went into the woods, and Katie followed her. She stopped before a big rock, and Katie saw her strike it three times with her cane, and heard her say:

"Very le, very li, very lo, very lum, Open to me and my crooked thumb."

And the rock parted in the middle and the old woman went in.

"Now I wonder what is inside that rock," thought Katie, so she hid herself behind a bush and waited. After a while the old woman came out and went away.

Katie hurried to the rock and struck it three times, and said:

"Very le, very li, very lo, very lum, Open to me and my crooked thumb."

The rock opened and Katie went in. She could see only cobwebs, and she hurried along a path which she could see by the light of a lantern that hung near the entrance. The path led to a room and a rat ran toward her as she entered.

"Who are you, and how did you get in?" he asked.

"I asked the rock to let me in," answered Katie.

"The old witch will take your head off," said the rat. "You better go back."

"I want to see what is in here," said Katie, looking around.

"You better not poke into things," said the rat.
"The old witch will take your head off."

But Katie went into the closet and opened a jar. "This is good cake," she said, as she ate a piece. "Did the old witch make it?"

"Oh, you will catch it!" said the rat. "The old witch will take your head off."

"Why do you keep saying that? She cannot take

my head off, and it sounds so silly."

"Can't she?" said the rat. "Well, you wait and see. The old witch can do anything with her crooked thumb. She has taken off my head many times. Do you see that shelf?" he said, pointing to a high shelf on one side of the room. "My head has stood there many times, and yours will if you do not stop looking into things." But Katie laughed at the rat, and kept on looking.

She opened another jar. "Oh, my!" she said, "what nice jam!" And she ate some.

"You'll open the wrong jar if you keep on," said the rat. "You'd better come away. The old witch will take my head off for letting you in."

But Katie was still inquisitive. She saw a number of jars on a high shelf that she had not looked into. So she climbed up to them.

"Don't you open that big jar," said the rat, running up to the jar and sitting on the cover. But Katie pushed him off and opened it, and up jumped a long loaf of bread and fastened itself on the end of Katie's nose.

"There! You see what has happened to you," said the rat. "You are the most inquisitive girl I have ever met."

Katie tried to pull the bread from her nose, but it would not move.

"Oh dear!" said the rat. "I wish you would not disturb things," for Katie was still looking. "You will get into more trouble," he said, "if you do not stop."

But Katie had found a jar of nice-looking berries. She put her hand in, and instantly it became as large as a ham. Katie jumped down, much frightened, for her hand was so heavy it pulled her over to one side.

"You wait till the old witch sees you, and she will take your head off, and then you will not be so inquisitive."

Just then they heard some one coming along the passage, and the rat ran into a corner and sat there, trembling. Katie ran behind the door, while the witch stood in the middle of the room, looking at her crooked thumb.

"By the way you point, my crooked thumb, Behind that door I'll find some one."

As she said this, she walked over to the door and pulled out poor Katie. "So," she said, "you have been looking into my jars, and you opened the jumping loaf and the swelling bean. You are a very inquisitive girl, and now I'll take your head off." And before Katie could say a word, she pointed her crooked thumb at her, and off flew her head and perched itself on the shelf of which the rat had told her.

"Come, you lazy little rat," called the old witch, and the rat came slowly out of his corner. "Why did you let her in?" she asked him. But before he could answer her, she pointed her thumb at him, and off flew the rat's head, and sat beside Katie's.

Katie looked down from her high seat, and there stood her body with the huge hand, and she wondered whether her head would ever join it again. The old witch sat down and took out her knitting, and began singing to herself:

"Crooked thumb, come tell to me What her punishment shall be— To wear a loaf hung to her nose, Or shall I make one eye to close?"

"Oh dear!" thought Katie, "isn't this punishment enough, I wonder? Please, Madam Witch," she said, "will you not put my head on my shoulders again?" But the witch did not answer. She called Katie's body to her, and took the big hand in hers, and smoothed it to its natural size.

"You seem to be a nice little body," said the old witch. "It is your head that was wrong," and she patted Katie's shoulder.

"Oh dear!" thought Katie, "is she going to put a new head on me?"

"Madam Witch," she said, again, "please put my old head back. I never will be so inquisitive again.

And will you please take this loaf off my nose? My neck aches, it is so heavy."

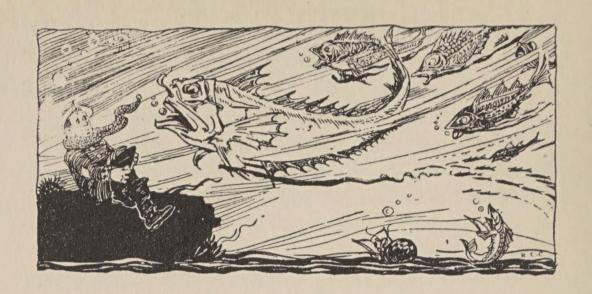
"I think your body deserves a new head," said the witch, "but I'll try you once more." And she took from a drawer a gold box with a key in the lock, and set it on the table beside her. Then she pointed her thumb at Katie's head, and off flew the loaf. "Now you can come to your body," she said, pointing with the thumb again. And, snap! went the head on the shoulders. Katie felt of her neck to make sure it was fastened firmly. Then she looked for the witch, but she was not in sight. The rat had his head again and was running around the room.

Just then Katie saw the gold box and stepped toward it. "Look out!" said the rat. "The old witch will take your head off," and Katie drew back and put her hands behind her. When the old witch came in she told Katie she could go home, and to take the box with her, but not to open it.

"You are to keep it as a reminder of your fault," said the old witch.

Katie took the box home and put it on her bureau. She was tempted many times to turn the key, but each time she resisted the temptation, and after a while she forgot all about it.

One day she happened to think of the witch and looked for the box. It was gone! And Katie knew by that that the old witch thought her cured of her inquisitiveness and that her head was as good as her body.



#### THE FISHERMAN AND THE FISH

A FISHERMAN was fishing from his boat one day when he felt a heavy tug at his line, and, pulling it in, he found on the end of it a large, silver-looking fish.

"You must put me back into the sea at once," said the fish. "You must not keep me away from my scholars."

"Your scholars," repeated the fisherman. "Pray, who are you?"

"I am the schoolmaster of the fish, and if you do not put me back into the water at once, you will have a poor catch."

"What have you to do with that?" asked the fisherman.

"Everything," the fish replied. "I teach them how to grow fat, and when they are old enough, how to tell the best bait, and as there are very few old fish in the sea, you will be very sorry if you do not put me back."

"How did you happen to be caught?" asked the fisherman. "You should be wise enough to keep away from hooks."

"Your bait was so tempting that I nibbled too deep while I was showing it to the young fish as an example of fine bait."

"This sounds to me like a fish story," said the fisherman.

"It is," the fish replied, with an injured look, "but not the kind to which you refer. I am telling the truth and you will regret it if you keep me."

"You ought to be able to tell me where to find plenty of fish and where is the best place to cast my lines," said the fisherman.

"On the opposite side of the bay," replied the fish, and you must fish after dark."

But the fisherman was still skeptical. "If you are so wise, why can't you take me to the bottom of the ocean and let me see this school you have told me about. You are a remarkably fine fish to lose, and I wish to make sure I am to get something in return if I let you go."

"Put me in the water," said the fish, "and follow me, and I will show you my school and scholars."

The fisherman threw the fish into the water and then jumped in himself. When he reached the bottom of the ocean he looked for the schoolmaster fish, but he was not in sight, so he sat on a rock and waited.

"I wonder if I was foolish to let him go?" thought the fisherman, but just then he saw the schoolmaster swimming toward him with a great many smaller fish with him, and they were bringing with them a quantity of seaweed.

"You are sitting on my desk," said the school-master fish; "you will have to move."

The fisherman got up, and as he did so all the fish swam toward him and dragged him to the bottom of the ocean and bound him with the seaweed, so that he could not move his hands or feet.

"This," said the schoolmaster, "is a fisherman. Take a good look at him," and the little fish swam all over him, peeping into his face and making him feel very uncomfortable with their fins.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the fisherman. "You deceived me, and I trusted you."

"You have deceived many of us," the schoolmaster fish replied. "You throw nice-looking bait into the water and hide the hook, but you do not call that wrong. Why should not we have the same privilege when we catch you? I am going to leave you here as an example for the fish to look at, for we do not catch a fisherman every day." And he swam away, taking all the little fish with him.

The fisherman lay there wondering how he could

escape, when a swordfish swam up and looked at him. "What has happened to you?" he asked.

The fisherman told him how the big fish had tricked him and asked the swordfish to cut the bands that held him a prisoner. "I only catch small fish," he explained to the swordfish, "and never shall bother you."

"I really ought not to let you escape," the sword-fish replied, "for the schoolmaster is a very wise fish and ought to be encouraged, but I will let you go this time, and if you ever trouble a swordfish I will find some way to get you to the bottom of the ocean again, and the next time you will find that my sword can be used for other things than cutting seaweed."

As soon as the fisherman found himself free he swam to the surface and there was his boat. It was dark, and as he had no fish to carry home, he thought of what the schoolmaster fish had told him, to fish after dark on the opposite side of the bay, so he rowed his boat over to the other side and cast his line, but not a bite did he get, and he was tired and hungry.

"That fish was too wise for me," he said, drawing in his line. "Next time I will remember that a fish on the hook is better than a sea full of fish uncaught."

